

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.
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VOL. I.

STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1872.

NO. 26.

Selected Miscellany.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

When Jacob courted Mary Jane,
A lass without a fault he thought her.
And every evening, fair or rain,
Attired in his best he sought her.
She's honest, true, and kind, said he,
As she is pretty in her features;
And if she'll only marry me,
We'll be the happiest of creatures.

His parents, hearing how he felt,
And noticing his eager fury,
Said: "Son be cautious! She won't melt.
Don't be in such a precious hurry.
Her family are not renowned
For being quite as meek as Moses,
And some who married in it found
No end of them among the roses."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried.
"In all the ways by spite invented!"
But after a dozen tricks he tried,
His own good nature sore repented.
The more he teased, to make her mad,
Instead of vixen spunk revealing,
She only seemed as meekly sad
As comes of wounded tender feelings.

No longer seeing room to doubt
That she was mild without expression,
Our Jacob brought the question out,
And she surrendered at discretion.
In proper course the wedding came,
With orange blooms and tears and laugh-
-ing.

A bridal tour to crown the same,
And a pretty cottage thereafter.
But, alas for Jacob's peace!
The very honeymoon was over,
His Mary's temper broke the lease
He thought he had on life for ever.
From that gentle as of old,
And shouting tears when he'd offend her,
She turned into a perfect devil,
As angry as the Witch of Ender!

Accustomed to the fearful change,
And wondering how he had been blinded,
The hapless man could not arrange
The question as he minded:
Till, at her father's house, one day,
In a fit of pique, quite emphatic,
"If you take me in that way,"
And then, "I'll show you in the attic."

And then she climbed the garret stairs,
The son of her under beamed unnumbered,
The lady showed, with mocking airs,
A covered post, with brasses numbered:
"You see its neatly worn in twain,
It seems to be, with weight it's carried;
But, my dear, I never married!"

"Who ever you would take me most,
And then had gone and left me beaming,
I must come and know that post
I never saw from me before!
I never saw from me before!
I never saw from me before!
I never saw from me before!"

HOW HARRY BEAT HIS UNCLE.

"I never did see such a sight in all
my life," quoth Mrs. Narley, elevat-
ing her two rheumatism-twist old
hands to the air. "Dust on them
beautifol velvet carpets; glass in the
empanory windows all broken;
dickens scratching up all the gerani-
ums on the front lawn, and the lady
servants howling away their precious
time, while poor dear Mr. Avenel
and Harry don't know any more
what's going on than if they were
boilers. Says I: 'Dear heart-
alike, Mr. Avenel, this is enough to
make your poor wife turn in her
grave.' Says he—you know his
pleasant—Well, I know it isn't just
right, Mrs. Narley, but what can I
do? And I answer, says I, 'Get a
housekeeper.' Says he, 'Where?'
Says I, 'Advertise.' Says he,
Mrs. Narley, you've hit the nail on
the head. I'll advertise to-morrow."

And that's how that paragraph hap-
pened to be in the papers?"

Here Mrs. Narley stopped to catch
breath, and nodded emphatically at
her auditor, a pale woman dressed in
deep mourning, with the unbecoming
framework of a widow's cap around
her face.

"And do you think I would suit
the gentlemen?" the latter asked
timidly.

"You can but try," was Mrs. Nar-
ley's encouraging response. "Mr.
Avenel's as easy as a lamb, and not
one of them as is everlastingly check-
ing off bills and counting nickel pen-
nies, and Harry's dreadful pleasant
tempered. Any way, if I was you,
Mrs. Hawkhurst, I'd go up and see."

And Mrs. Hawkhurst, holding her
pretty little daughter by the hand,
went up, accordingly, to the hand-
some stone house on the hill.

There she found Mr. Avenel in a
state of temporary siege, for others
besides herself had seen the tempting
advertisement, and made haste to
answer it. There were fat women
and lean tall women and short,
Scotch woman and Germans, smiling
slovenly women, and trim, sharp-
visaged women, women who had seen
better days, and women who evident-
ly hadn't.

Mrs. Hawkhurst looked around
somewhat discouraged by the formid-
able array of rivals.

"There's no hope for me," she
thought despairingly, and was just
about to turn away, with the timi-
Juliet clinging to her hand, when
Harry Avenel advanced.

"Do you wish to see my uncle,
ma'am?" he asked courteously.
"I—I called about the housekeep-
er's situation," meekly murmured the
widow.

And Harry showed her in at once.
The fat and the tall, the German
and the Scotch, the sour and the
sweet went. Avenel decided to en-
gage Mrs. Hawkhurst as his house-
keeper, with permission to keep Juliet
with her.

"She is all I have, sir," said the
housekeeper apologetically; "and she
will try to be useful about the house."

"How old is she?" asked Mr.
Avenel.
"Fifteen sir."

"Well let her stay," said the wid-
ow good humoredly. "She'll eat
no more than a chicken, and I dare
say she can do a great many odd
things about the place."

Mrs. Hawkhurst proved herself an
executive officer of the greatest
ability. Gradually the "chaos and
old night" of Avenel place was re-
duced to system and order. The
wheels of housekeeping revolved so
softly that no one knew they had
moved, yet these were the results.
You never ever saw the housekeeper
grudge about the halls, yet the servants
declared her omnipresent. Mr. Avenel
found himself actually the in-
habitant of a home once more as the
years slowly passed away.

He was sitting on a piazza one
day, smoking his cigar, and watching
the graceful movements of Juliet
Hawkhurst, as she was planting vines
in a marble vase that occupied the
center of the lawn, when Mrs. Narley
came out.

"A nice evening, sir," said Mrs.
Narley. "Oh there she is!"
"Who?" Mr. Avenel asked.

"Why, the foolish child, Juliet,"
answered the old lady sharply, "I
haven't patience with her, that I
haven't."

"What has she been doing now,"
asked the widower with an amused
face.

"Why she's refused Ben Nichols'
eldest son, as likely and betorehand-
ed a young fellow as there is in the
country."

Mr. Avenel started.
"Ben Nichols! Why, Mrs. Narley,
she is only a child."

"She's seventeen next week," nod-
ded Mrs. Narley, "and high time she
thought of settling."

Mr. Avenel looked across to where
Juliet stood in her pink gingham
dress, the soft summer wind stirring
her curls, and her cheeks as softly
tinted as the standard rose on the
lawn. Seventeen! Was it possible
that the little Juliet Hawkhurst had
grown to be seventeen years old? Oh,
relentless Time, that would not
stand still! Oh, cruel years, that
went by and stole the fair brightness
of childhood away! So Ben Nichols
had actually asked Juliet Hawkhurst
to be his wife!

"I wish you and Harry'd talk seri-
ously to her 'bout it," went on Mrs.
Narley. "Taint likely she'll hev
any more such chances as that."

"No, to be sure not," said Avenel
abstractedly.

"And o'course she'd oughter think
it over well," added Mrs. Narley.
"O certainly—to be sure!"

When Harry Avenel came home
from the city that evening he found
his uncle in a brown study.

"Harry," quoth the widower.
"Yes, uncle."

"I've been thinking—"
"So I should conclude, sir, from
the H-shaped wrinkle between your
brows," laughed the young merchant.
"Well, and what has been the topic of
your meditations, Uncle Joe?"

"Why I was thinking what would
become of us if Mrs. Hawkhurst were
to take it into her head to leave us!"
Harry opened wide his merry
hazel eyes at the idea.

good place here; but one couldn't
expect her to be contented with a
housekeeper's situation always, Har-
ry."

"No to be sure not."
"She has become very essential to
our domestic happiness, Harry," went
on Mr. Avenel.

"Yes—I grant you that, Uncle
Joe."
"And I really don't know how we
could manage to exist without her."

"Raise her salary, uncle," suggest-
ed Harry.
"No, I hardly think it would ans-
wer my purpose; but, Harry—"

"Well, uncle?"
Mr. Avenel looked slightly sheep-
ish.

"Can't you imagine any other way
of keeping her here?" he asked.
Harry stared at his uncle. Mr.
Avenel felt disposed to give him a
hearty shake for his stupidity.

"Oh!" cried the young man, with
a sudden dawning of lucidity over the
darkness of the brain. "You don't
mean—matrimony, uncle?"

"Yes I do!" quoth Mr. Avenel,
stoutly. "Would you object, Harry?"
"I, uncle?"

"Because you are the only person
interested besides myself—and her."
"My greatest interest, uncle, is to
see you happy," the young man an-
swered, wringing the elder's hand.

"And—if I, too, should conclude to
marry at no very distant day—"
"Why then," cried Mr. Avenel
gaily "we can all live together, just as
we do now, and the happiest family
in the world."

And he went, into the house, whis-
tling as he went, "John Anderson, my
Jo, John," as blithe as a boy of six-
teen.

Juliet Hawkhurst was standing by
the little side garden gate that even-
ing, thoughtfully watching over her
right shoulder, of course, the slender
silver crescent of the new moon.

Juliet had certainly blossomed into a
perfect little rose of a maiden, during
the years she had been an inmate of
Avenel place. She was fair haired
and rosy, with long eyelashes, deep
blue eyes full of shadow purple
gleams, and a complexion like rose-
colored satin; and moreover, there
was in her very movements a self-
possessed grace and dignity of mind
that was inexpressibly charming.

Juliet Hawkhurst had been born a
lady but untoward fate had made a
housekeeper's daughter of her.

As she stood there, leaning over
the iron rail of the gate, a footstep
sounded behind her.

"Juliet!"
She turned with a little rose blush
and a smile she fain would have con-
cealed, and Harry Avenel came up
and stood close beside her.

"Little elf, you thought you had
hidden away from me, but you see I
have contrived to find you out, even
here! What makes you blush, and
look so confused?"

"Do I?" And Juliet fixed her
gaze very steadfastly on the green
turf at her feet, where a single yellow
dandelion was closing its eye of
downy gold for the night.

"Listen!" cried Harry triumph-
antly. "I've got a piece of news for
you."
"What is it?"

"What should you think of a step-
father, eh, little one?"
Juliet looked up this time in real
and genuine astonishment.

"A stepfather, Harry?"
"My uncle has concluded to me this
evening that he thinks of marrying,
Juliet, and from all that I can gather,
the bride is none other than your
mother. So when we are married
there will be a nice little family circle
of us, eh?"

And the audacious young man belied
her slender waist with his arm,
and ventured to draw her a little closer
to him.

Ah, but Harry, you are all wrong,"
cried Juliet, crimsoning and smiling
like a June flower, "I—meant to tell
you of it, but somehow the words
would come to my lips. Your uncle
told me also that he had concluded to
marry again, and—he asked me to be
his wife."

"The—mischievous old!" cried
Harry, starting back as if some one
had struck him a blow. "You! Why,
Juliet, you are young enough to be
his daughter!"

"Perhaps I am," said Juliet meek-
ly.

And what did you tell him? You
accepted him, of course? He is rich
and I am poor, and all the girls like
gold."

"Harry?"
"Tell me quick, Juliet!" he cried,
almost passionately. "Don't keep
me longer in suspense."

"I told him," Juliet answered inno-
cently, "that I had already promised
to marry you."

"My little dove!" and Harry Avenel's
dark face brightened into sun-
shine once again. "And you were
right, for May and November never
yet were happily mated. My uncle
is an old fool, and yet I can't blame
him Juliet, when I look at your
sweet face."

The countenance of Mr. Avenel
was slightly confused when he met his
nephew at the breakfast table the
next morning; but farther than that,
there was no sign of the discomfiture
he had undergone. He gave Juliet an
expensive set of wedding pearls when
she was married, and congratulated
Harry after a very cordial fashion.

But he never proposed to Mrs.
Hawkhurst, and as she never expected
anything of the sort, no harm was
done.

And everything goes on at Avenel
place just precisely as it ought. Mr.
Avenel keeps his housekeeper and
Harry has gained a wife.

The Verb to "Break."
"I began to understand your lan-
guage better," said my French friend,
Mr. Arcourt to me; "but your verbs
trouble me still, you mix them up so
with prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them trouble-
some," was all I could say.
"I saw your friend, Mrs. Jones, just
now," continued he. "She says she
intends to break down housekeeping."

"Am I right there?"
"Break up housekeeping, she must
have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Break up
housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.
"Because her health is so broken
into."

"Broken down, you should say."
"Broken down, O yes. And in-
deed since the small pox has broken
up in your city—"

"Broken out."
"She thinks she will leave for a
few weeks."

"Indeed! and will she close her
house?"
"No; she is afraid it will be broken-
broken—broken—How do I say that?"

"Broken into."
"Certainly, it is what I meant to
say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"
"No; that engagement is broken
broken—"

"Broken off."
"Ah! I had not heard that. She
is very sorry about it. Her son only
broke the news down to her last
week. Am I right? I am so anxious
to speak the English well."

"He merely broke the news; no
preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That
young man, her son, is a fine fellow;
a breaker, I think."

"A breaker, and a very fine fellow,
Good day. So much," thought I,
for the verb to break."

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terly in advance.

Humnyoddandendographs.
Beauty draws more than oxen.
O, for a thousand heavers to dam
the mud.
How to put a horse "on his mettle"
—shoe him.

"Die for game," as the partridge
said when he was shot.
Numerous boys with worms are
off fishing this week.

Why is dancing like new milk?
Because it strengthens the calves.
What is the first thing a young
lady looks for in church? The hymns.

Never have a wooden leg made of
oak, because oak is apt to produce
acorns.
"Do you enjoy good health, Zach-
ary?" "Why, yes, to be sure; who
doesn't?"

Why is a trashy novel like a high
building? Because it is a sick story
(six story.)
It looks as though the whole coun-
try was likely to become horse-pital.
—Low Court.

Why do white sheep eat more than
black ones? Because there are more
of them.
Monkey skin fur will be the fash-
ion this winter, and of course every-
body will "ape" it.

The momentous question (in cro-
quet)—Eligible bachelor. "Shall I
follow you up, Annie, or leave my-
self for Lizzie?"

Sunday is the strongest day be-
cause it is the rest of week days, yet
it is the strongest, why is it so of-
ten broken?

Julius Kolliak has been arrested
in Detroit for beating his wife. She
said it was the worst attack of Kol-
liak she ever had.

A Dutch judge, on conviction of a
culprit for having four wives decided:
"He have punishment plenty. I lift
mit out."

To take down the gridiron from
the nail where it is hanging, with the
left hand is the sign that there will
be a broil in the kitchen.

Sara.—Do jackasses catch the horse
disease?
Tom.—Why, do you feel the symp-
toms of it?

The following is one of the rules of
the Fat Men's Club: "If any wo-
man gains a greater amount of fat
than yours, don't dispute her. Let her
have 'er dups."

"Don't you remember the next
word in your lesson? It's the next
word after cheese. What come after
cheese?" "Mouse!" triumphantly
exclaimed the puzzled pupil.

La Crosse pavements were made of
saw dust, but a Wisconsin breeze
came into town one day and she
"saw" her pavements "dust," hotly
pursued by a zephyr.

"Masculine corsets" are affected by
Western winds. A masculine corset
and a feminine "corset" are two
things very much out of place.

There is a litigation in Mobile. A
man there borrowed a ring of one
woman and with it married another,
and now can't restore his capital.

A Danville, Pa., youth refused to
keep a marriage contract because his
betrothed smoked a pipe. If the
rule should be reversed, who would
be a benefactor?

An evergreen Yankee, who is
shocked at the naked condition of the
trees in winter, is advising a system
of steam pipes to keep them in per-
petual foliage.

An Irish housemaid who was sent
to call a gentleman to dinner found
him engaged in using a tooth-brush.
"Well is he coming?" asked the
lady. "Yes, ma'am; he's just sharp-
ening his teeth."

"Angelina, can you tell me why
your lovely eyes are like triangles sepa-
rated by distant climes?" "No, An-
gelina, I can't. Tell me, oh tell me
why." "Because they correspond,
but never meet."

Miss Barton, a dress maker, who re-
cently tried to drown herself in the
Seine, exclaimed, "We have no liber-
ties" when she was pulled out, in-
stead of thanking her preserver, she
cried out, "They don't even let us
drown ourselves."

A cockney conducted two young
ladies to an observatory to see an
eclipse in the moon. They were too
late—the eclipse was over, and the
young ladies were disappointed.
"Oh!" exclaimed the hero, "don't
fret; I know the astronomer well; he
is a very polite man, and I'm sure
will begin again."

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